

POPE'S
MISCELLANY.
The SECOND PART.

CONTAINING,
I. The HYDE-PARK RAMBLE.
II. The PARSON'S-DAUGHTER.
III. The COURT-BALLAD.
IV. COURT EPIGRAMS.

To which is added,
The Westminster BALLAD: Or, The
Earl of OXFORD'S Tryal.

By MR. JOSEPH GAY.

L O N D O N.
Printed for R. BURLEIGH, in *Amen-*
Corner. 1717. Price Six Pence.

Where may be had, the first Part, Price 6d.

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PROBES
MISCELLANEOUS

The Second Part

CONTAINING
THE HISTORY OF THE
IN THE REIGN OF
III. THE CROWN
IV. CO



THE NEW
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EX. M. J. J. J. J.

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COURT POEMS.

PART II.

THE R A M B L E . *

Between BELINDA *a* Demy-Prude, *and*
CLOE *a* Court-Coquette.

CLOE.

TELL me BELINDA, why your constant care
Attends the Needle, or the Book of Pray'r.
What *Belle* can in a duller Circle move,
Or dearer purchase a proud Mortal's Love?

* This POEM was compos'd to please some Satyri-
tal Court-Ladies. The Story is too well known among
the *Beau Monde* to want a Key. The best Lines in
it are taken from FONTAINE, and a fam'd Female
Wit, (the Lady *W—y M—gue*,) assisted in the Tran-
slation.

B

BEL.

BELINDA.

Had such a Mortal, CLOE, been your Lot,
The *Belle* e'er this had all her *Airs* forgòt.
Had Sacrific'd her Pride to such a flame,
And lost the *Coquette* in a Careful Dame,

CLOE.

My Air's forgot! — and for a Nauseous Spouse,
Who'd doom me Prisoner to his hideous House.
No, let these Eyes still dart destructive Fire,
And in that flame let Sighing *Beaus* expire.
While you stitch Holland for your Spouse's Cap,
Or Nurse the Monster, when he gets a Clap.

BELINDA.

Nay, now my CLOE, you are too Severe,
To point your *Satire* at my easie Dear.
Since, Faithless Nymph, you taught him first to rove;
Witness *Hide-Park*, and its too Conscious Grove!
Wilely you led him to a thick Retreat;
The Cracking *Whale-Hoops* did the Rest confess.
Oh fatal *Ramble*! Now I find too late,
For whom, false CLOE, you prepar'd the Bait.

CLOE.

Did I for this my Garter'd B—— disdain,
Th' Alluring Desert, and the bright Champaign?

When

When he, still aiming at his former Station,
 Gave to *Favillia* a Grand Collation.
Braun's was the House. — Where many a Fav'rite
 Has found a Lover, and her Honour lost. **Toast.**
 Beware, ye *Belles*, of *Braun's* luxurious Skill!
 Of *B—* beware; *B—*'s pointed Eyes can kill.

BELINDA.

And shall then *Tunbel B—s* late Honours bear?
Tunbel, a Brute to each obliging Fair!
 Yet *Tunbel's* polish'd for a Courtiers life
 Oh the vast Merit of a Beauteous Wife!
 What can't she do, who could Old *Surly* fire,
 And Am'rous flames in *Flinty's* Breast inspire?
 When these faint Lilies are *Marinus'* Scorn,
 My *Vice's* Key shall *Smutty's* side adorn.
 We first beheld *Blightilla's* Roses fade,
 E'er she was doom'd to live a Bridal Maid.

CLOE.

Nature's Nice store, and *Braun's* luxurious Art,
 Conspir'd in vain to Captivate my Heart.
 [" In vain *Cupid's* Bow bent with a Blue string,
 " Shot many a Dart from a Brilliant-Ring.]
 (As *DORSET* the Bard did once Merrily Sing.)
 In vain the Wine had kindled fond desire.
 He Sigh'd, he Kneel'd, he Beg'd me to retire.
 I whisper'd Reputation, and what not.
 In short I jilted the vain Am'rous Sot,

To walk to *Paddington*. — Your Spouse, 'tis true
 I ask'd to *Ramble*, — but you tipt the *Cue*.
 Oh think, *BELINDA*, how with Raptures fir'd,
 You prais'd the Lawns, the warbling Birds admir'd!
 Think, how you shudder'd at the threat'ning Sky!
 Just, Just as *Lovely* in his Coach past by.
 His Coach he prest on your Unthinking Dear:
 “ And may I (said he) presume to ask the Fair,
 “ To breath in the Park, a much Serener Air?
 Now you assume the *Belle*, and now the *Prude*,
 To fire your Lover, and your Spouse delude.
 The Park you hate, — yet to the Lodge we drive;
 Where we found *WITTY* with sam'd *ATTY*'s Wife,
 The Flow'rs, Birds, Breezes, and the shady Grove,
 The Coldest Vestal might inspire with Love.
 The Grove, the Breezes, and the warbling Train,
 Can't now invite you to attend their Strain.
Lovely, and *You* prudentially withdrew,
 'Tis for a Spouse to tempt the falling Dew!
 Your *Dupe* return'd. — The printed Couch told Tales,
 But why should we? — Since Nature still prevails.





THE
PARSON'S DAUGHTER;
A
T A L E.

For the Use of pretty GIRLS with small
FORTUNES.

facilis discensus Averni
Sed revocare Gradus
Hoc Opus hic Labor est. Virg.

C L O E, a Country Vicar's Daughter,
Had many useful Lessons taught her;
She read the Chapters ev'ry Day,
And David's Psalms by Heart could say;

B 3

Would

Would hurry when Bell rung to Pray'rs,
 Ready to break her Neck down Stairs;
 Nor would be absent from *Confession*,
 At any Mortal's Intercession:
 Was caution'd never to be idle,
 But either read or use her Needle.
 (Thus was she often told her Duty;
 The old Man knowing her a Beauty
 With little Money, which the more
 Expos'd her to become a Whore.)
 No Pains were spar'd to make her good:
 But, ah! how frail is Flesh and Blood,
 When to the wide World left alone,
 No Will to follow, but its own?
 For tho' she promis'd very fair,
 While underneath her Father's Care,
 Yet she, as soon as *Dad* was dead,
 Grew weary of her *Maidenhead*;
 Resolving strait to be a Bride,
 And taste of Pleasures yet untry'd;
 But still intends to guard her Honour,
 Whatever Longings are upon her;
 Having been taught, that Fornication
 Is a great Sin, tho' much in Fashion.
 With this Design, to Town she came,
 Where wicked *Nelly* heard her Fame;
Nelly! of all her Sex the worst;
Nelly! by Hundreds daily curst,
 Whom she by Artifice had won,
 To sell themselves, and be undone.

(But

(But e'er we any farther go,
'Tis fit her Character to show.)

A Bawd she is of great Renown,
Well known to ev'ry Rake in Town;
All Bachelours that use her House,
May have each Night a diff'rent Spouse.
Without th' intolerable Fetter,
Of being link'd for Worfe or Better.
No married Man, but there may find
Variety, when so inclin'd.

She has a ruby shining Face,
Which some may think th' Effect of Grace;
As *Moses* when the most enlighten'd.
So much the more his Visage brighten'd;
For she can counterfeit Devotion,
And of Religion has this Notion,
That doubtless That must be the best,
Which with most Ease will make her blest;
That where Indulgences are giv'n,
Is sure the nearest Way to Heaven.

Oh! happy those, who in a Trice,
Thus free themselves of ev'ry Vice;
Can sin a fresh, and run on Score,
And reckon for what's past no more.
With *Origen* she hopes Salvation,
Believing there is no Damnation;

But

But Whores, and Rogues, and Bawds shall be
Blessed to all Eternity.

Small Need of any Pains and Care,
Of Watching, Fasting, daily Pray'r,
If ev'ry Sinner, spite of Fate,
Must enter at the narrow Gate.

And tho' because her Deeds are evil,
She chuses Darkness like a Devil,
Yet will she light her little * *Sodom*,
On † Tenth of *June*, from Top to Bottom;
Wishing to see the Dissolution
Of all our Laws and Constitution;
For if this Government should cease,
She might be sure to Bawd in Peace;
Knowing there would be || Toleration
For Whoreing in a Popish Nation.

She loves *Sachev'rell* in her Heart,
And never fails to take his Part;
Blindly believes whate'er he said,
More than the *Testament* or *Creed*;
Thinks him the Church's best Support,
Tho' *Priest* and *Punk* care equal for't.

She could prove Pimping was no Shame,
For *S——b* pimp'd for *A——m*;

* *Like to Sodom for its Wickedness.*

† *Pretender's Birth-day.*

|| The reason why Women are for the Pretender.

That Incest is a trivial Matter,
 Since pious L——t carefs'd his Daughter;
 That Whoreing is a lawful Trade,
 Since ev'ry Thing for Use is made;
 And that it can be no Abuse,
 To put Things to their proper Use.

With *Cloe* soon she got acquainted;
 And all her former Virtues tainted;
 Taking Advantage of her Want,
 She often to her thus would cant;
 What, tho' all such as cannot Tarry
 Rather than Burn, are bid to Marry,
 Yet if none tasted Love's Delight,
 But those who lawfully come by't,
 Many a Girl might burn to Tinder,
 Before she'd meet a Man would mind her;
 If she'd be nothing but a Wife,
 To have, and hold, during her Life.
 It seems but Reason good, therefore,
 Rather than Burn, to play the Whore:
 This Talent to our Sex, kind Heav'n,
 To be made Use of, sure has giv'n.
 Ought not those Ladies then to boast,
 That have improved it the most;
 Not like a Nun shut up in Abby,
 Their Talents in a Napkin lay by;
 For doubtless, to conceal one's Light
 Under a Bushel, is not right.

Then,

Then, as *St. Paul* says, (mind the Letter)
 Those who don't marry, do *what's better* ;
 Which plainly must some *Ass* imply,
 I see no Reason to deny.
 The Action you will guess with Ease,
 'Tis in your Pow'r whene'er you please,

Then prithee, *Cloe*, be advis'd ;
 Good Offers should not be despis'd ;
 A present Settlement accept,
 And where's the Harm of being kept ?
 That *Norwich* Crape and humble Pattin,
 You'll change for Coach and Gown of Sattin,
 Flounc'd Petticoats, with Heads of *Meeblin*,
 Fine Fans, a Watch, and other Tackling.
 Ah ! why should so divine a Creature
 Neglect the choicest Gift of Nature ?

Too easy *Cloe* quickly proves
 Perswaded to the Thing she loves ;
 Thought all was Reason *Nelly* said,
 And Folly still to live a Maid ;
 When she might purchase Wealth and Pleasure
 By parting with an useless Treasure ;
 She soon forgets to say her Pray'rs,
 And learns to practise Coquet Airs ;
 Hates Sermons, which in former Days
 She lov'd as Prudes do bawdy Plays ;
 Left off the Reading heavy Chapters,
 And only relish'd melting Raptures,

Such

Such as she met with in Romances,
 Where dying Lovers fall in Trances :
 And now upon her Toilet's seen
 A *Rocheſter*, and *Aretine* ;
 The Work of *Ovid's* Am'rous Pen
 She reads, admires, and reads again,
 Thinking it would more uſeful prove,
 To ſtudy his ſoft *Art of Love*,
 Then what dull Patriarchs uſ'd to do
 Three or four thouſand Years ago.

The gilded Proſpect gay appears,
 And ſeems to promiſe happy Years ;
 A thouſand Pleaſures fill her Mind,
 Nor ſees ſhe Want and Shame behind ;
 Conſiders not with how much Haſte
 Her Youth and blooming Beauty waſte ;
 That when the Date of Charms are out,
 The Wheel of Fortune turns about,
 And thoſe who were at firſt but poor,
 Leaves often lower than before ;
 Which ſhe at laſt experienc'd true,
 (Her happy Days, Alas ! were few)
 Grown pale and thin, with hollow Eyes,
 No more her faded Charms entice ;
 She in her Summer took no Care
 For Age and Wrinkles to prepare ;

There-

Therefore when dropt by keeping Cullies,
 Became a Prey to needy Bullies;
 And now in Allies Centry stands,
 To get her living with her *Hands*;
 She lays on Paint as thick as butter,
 To hide in either Cheek a Gutter,
 Which pinching Poverty and Care,
 Poxes and Time, have fixed there.

She that when young would blush to hear
 A Word unfit for Maiden Ear,
 Will now talk Bawdy with the best,
 And fancy ev'ry Oath a Jest;
 She that was once as just as any,
 Now picks a Pocket for a Penny;
 And then, to silence sharp Remorse
 For what is past, or fear of worse,
 She finds a Way that's most effectual,
 And drowns her Senses intellectual.

M O R A L.

FROM hence let Females learn to shun
 Those Wiles which *Cloe* have undone;
 Not to be fool'd by promis'd Bliss,
 Of fancy'd Joys, and Happiness.
 Sin is but slightly varnish'd o'er;
 Rather be virtuous, tho' poor;

For such a Wonder's rarely Known,
As a lewd Woman Honest grown.

So when a River's rapid Course
O'erflows its Banks with mighty Force,
Then all Endeavours are in vain,
To turn it to its Bounds again.



C

THE



THE COURT BALLAD.

To the Tune of, *To all you Ladies now at
Land, &c.*

By Mr. POPE.

I.

TO one fair Lady out of Court,
And two fair Ladies in,
Who think the Turk * and Pope † a Sport,
And Wit and Love no Sin;
Come, these soft Lines, with nothing stiff in,
To E——ll——ne, Le P——lle, and G——ff——n.
With a fa, la, la,
II What

* The little Turk. † The Author.

II.

What passes in the dark third Row,
 And what behind the Scene,
 Couches and crippled Chairs I know,
 And Garrets hung with Green ;
 I know the Swing of sinful Hack,
 Where many Damsels cry Alack.

With a fa, la, la.

III.

Then why to Court shou'd I repair,
 Where's such ado with T——d,
 To hear each Mortal stamp and swear,
 And ev'ry Speech with Zouns end ;
 To hear 'em rail at honest S——d,
 And rashly blame the Realm of Blunderland. *

With a fa, la, la.

IV.

Alas ! like S——z, I cannot Pun,
 Like C——t——n court the Germans ;
 Tell P——k——n——g how slim she's grown,
 Like M——d——ws run to Sermons ;
 To Court ambitious Men may roam,
 But I and Marlbro' stay at Home.

With a fa, la, la.

C 2

V. In

* Ireland.

V.

In Truth, by what I can discern,
 Of Courtiers 'twixt you Three,
 Some Wit you have, and more may learn
 From Court, than Gay or Me :
 Perhaps in Time you'll leave high Diet,
 To sup with us on Milk and Quiet.

With a fa, la, la,

VI.

At Leicester-Fields, a House full high,
 With Door all painted Green,
 Where Ribbons wave upon the Tye,
 (A Milliner I mean ;)
 There may you meet us Three to Three,
 For Gay can well make Two of me.

With a fa, la, la,

VII.

But shou'd you catch the Prudish Itch,
 And each become a Coward,
 Bring sometimes with you Lady F———b;
 And sometimes Mistress H———d ;
 For Virgins to keep Chaste, must go
 Abroad with such as are not so.

With a fa, la, la,

VIII. And

[1817]

VIII.

And thus, fair Maids, my Ballad ends;
God send the King safe Landing,
And make all honest Ladies Friends
To Armies that are standing;

Preserve the Limits of these Nations;
And take off Ladies Limitations.

With a fa, la, la!

Occasion'd by

INVITATION



Q 3

EPL

[1718]

.III



EPIGRAMS,

Occasion'd by an

INVITATION

TO

COURT.

By the SAME.

I.

IN the *Lines* that you sent, are the *Muses* and *Graces*;
You have the *Nine* in your *Wit*, and *Three* in your *Faces*.

II.

They may talk of the *Goddesses* in *Ida Vales*,
But you show your *Wit*, whereas they show'd their *Tails*.

III. You

III.

You ~~_____~~, ~~_____~~, and little ~~_____~~
 By ~~_____~~ you all lie like the ~~_____~~ in Hell;
 To say that at Court there's a Death of all Wit,
 And read what ~~_____~~, would he write; might have writ;

IV.

Adam had fallen twice, if for an Apple
 The Devil had brought him ~~_____~~ and ~~_____~~.

V.

On Sunday at Six, in the Street that's call'd Gerrard,
 You may meet the Two Champions who are no Lord ~~_____~~.

They say ~~_____~~'s a Wit, for what?
 For Writing? ~~_____~~ no, for writing Not.



C.

THE

[129]



THE
Westminster BALLAD.

Or, The

Earl of Oxford's TRYAL.

To the Tune of King John and the Abbot of Canterbury.

By Mr. JOSEPH GAY.

I.

OF late was a Meeting, a meeting most merry,
We will Sing to the Tune of heigh down, a
[down, derry ;

A merrier Meeting was never yet known,
So as well as we can, we'll begin and go on ;

Derry down, down, heigh derry down.

II. A

II.

A Crowd of all Sorts which in fair London dwell;
 From SALLY the flurt, to the prudent nice Belle;
 From Ruffins to Peers, and from Scoundrells to Squires,
 Met in Westminster-Hall to fulfil their desires;
Derry down, down, beigh derry down.

III.

Such Thrusting and Crowding you never did see,
 Where Legs were discover'd at least to the Knee;
 Now the Owners as well may be known by those Graces,
 As they formerly were by the Paint on their Faces;
Derry down, down, beigh derry down.

IV.

To pass in no Method so well cou'd be found;
 As to toss up a Damsel two Yards from the Ground;
 So Coiting her in, she prov'd one of the Common,
 And the Speaker's own Chair was supply'd by a Woman;
Derry down, down, beigh derry down.

V.

Promiscuously Cram'd, thus we pass the whole Day,
 Still Gaping for Snow 'till the Sun wore away,
 But not all together some gaped in vain
 For it seems on the Peers's side there fell Rain;
Derry down, down, beigh derry down.

VI. 'Twas

VI.

'Twas pitty Mischance shou'd befall to a Member
Of most Use in the House, as we all must remember,
A Vessel * most pure which in Secret was hid,
WTNDHAM moving the Table it broke that it did ;
Derry down, down, beigh derry down.

VII.

But some Execution was needful to tame
The pursuit of the Commons, full Cry for their Game,
Yet 'twas not a Peer, it is plain, was to fall,
For it had not it's Peer, I'll be Judg'd by you all ;
Derry down, down, beigh derry down.

VIII.

The Game which was Hunted, knew all the Device,
At Cards he can Play, all the Games as at Dice,
Tho' a Cord were about his Neck he'd slip the Knot,
When we thought it fast ty'd he got thro' it God wot.
Derry down, down, beigh derry down.

IX.

For Miracles sure will here ne'er begin ceasing,
And in this our Nation have done with Increasing,
When LORDS in a Body Confess by Consent,
Tho' against all their Minds, they're like Cuckolds Content.
Derry down, down, beigh derry down.

X. But

* A Chamber Pot.

X.

But if in their Bosoms we had Speculation
 We soon Thou'd discover the State of the Nation;
 At least, if a marry'd Man, 'twas but a brave,
 For all such are Contented alone in the Grave;
Derry down, down, beigh derry down.

XI.

But now to describe you the thing which seem'd oddest;
 Bold CHARLES * with a Countenance sober and modest,
 To make room for the Members propos'd to shift
 For the LADIES to open to the Right and the Left;
Derry down, down, beigh derry down.

XII.

And for their intruding another as Wife,
 To prevent all Mistakes, did with Prudence advise,
 Each Damsel shou'd straightways be laid on the Table
 And perus'd by the Members both Willing and Able;
Derry down, down, beigh derry down.

XIII.

Some scrupl'd, at first, but on second thoughts found,
 Both the Common and Peer in their Judgment profound,
 And since HO——LT was absent upon Discontent,
 Bishop CHARLES shou'd supply his Place by full consent;
Derry down, down, beigh derry down.

XIV. But

* Cb———ll.

XIV.

But MAGDALEN mov'd to keep Privilege right,
 Each Damsel her Member particular might
 Elect, at her Choice, then cry'd with all my heart,
 On these Terms we'll each one our Own Secret impart;
Derry down, down, beigh derry down.

XV.

What Votes and what Business is likely to pass,
 When the Lyon's own Skin is drawn over the Ass:
 When Contention is held up by politick CARET.
 And we Spell our ~~She~~ Speaker's Name by the word Vary;
Derry down down, beigh derry down.

XVI.

At length in the Dark it decided was late,
 After many a Skirmish and tedious Debate
 Of LORDS and of COMMONS, a fig for the Latter,
 So like them I conclude, and know nought of the Matter
Derry down, down, beigh derry down.

F I N I S.

